THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 75.

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POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 99.

.....

"Through the forests have I gone,
"And an Athenian found I none!"

SHAKESPEARE with equal justice might have made the same character say or sing,

"Through the *cities* have I gone,
"And an Athenian found I none!"

So difficult is it to find in the city or the forest, a well-bred man, a man of morals and manners, a polite scholar, an accomplished gentleman.

The classic reader will never stop to inquire, what an Athenian means, and to every other the Wanderer has already given sufficient explanation.

The refined observer of men and earnest searcher after the character described, returns disgusted from the pursuit in a variety of circles and through an extensive diversity of occasions. "An Athenian finds he none." He meets no man, that for any refinement of manners or peculiar amenity of deportment might not have been born and bred in the wilds of Sparta or among the bogs of Bœotia.

It has been quaintly said and with more of truth than poetry,

"Good breeding is the blossom of good sense."

It is not enough for a man to dress in ton, to bow, and pay compliments; to be well-bred requires higher attainments. It requires a refined sense of propriety, a delicacy of principle, and a nicety of feeling. Has LORENZO currency as a gentleman from the taste of his dress? The base coin is rubbed into the likeness of the genuine, by the joint labours of the tailor, the barber, and the shoe-boy.

When Demosthenes heard Philip commended for eloquence, beauty, and ability to imbibe liquor; "The first" said he, "is the property of a sophist, the second of a woman, and the third of a sponge; but neither can do honour to a king." So the ornaments of a man's person may be commendations of his tailor, his barber, or his servant, but are no honour to the man himself. FLIRTILLA should not deceive herself. It is not LORENZO alone that pleases her. The hirelings to whom he is in debt for his dress should be introduced to the fair for a share in her smiles. But FLIRTILLA is joined to LORENZO; let them alone.

Those however, of either sex, whose good opinion is fame, conduct differently. With them, if a person have not good sense, vain is the drapery of good breeding. It serves but to excite attention, when

attention becomes contempt. This man in plain dress might pass unexposed, because unnoticed; but his fashionable habiliments, like the plumes of the peacock, excite expectation and the ear is deceived by the promise of the eye. LORENZO's hair, is, if you please, *a la Grecque;* but his head is no *Attic* story. The fop would have effrontry enough at Athens to *make himself at home;* but "I know you not" would be the repulse of the Athenian, and LORENZO would soon find himself in a strange land.

Many, who read this paper, (if many do read it,) will perhaps smile at this sketch of a character, as thinking it touches not themselves, who are in truth the very subjects of its exclusive application. Who among our proud pretenders to good breeding are much better than fops? Look at your statesmen! Let a correct elocutor of the English language be in their company, and, what from provincialisms in phraseology and peculiarities of pronunciation, he would imagine they had abjured all allegiance to "the king's English" and were still in rebellion against the standard of speech.—Learners of a language not vernacular could scarcely be less regular in pronunciation. "An Athenian finds he none;" none, that, for purity and correctness of elocution, can give the Attic dialect of the English tongue. Shame on the literature of our national character, that the modes of pronunciation in each state are so different, and the localities of diction so various, that scarcely a scholar or statesman of the Union could cross the atlantic, who an apple-woman of London would not *guess* was a native of New-England, or have a *mighty* idea without a *spice* of doubt came from Virginia, or else, from his liability to be *lengthy* in details of points he would *advocate*, apprehend had *progressed* from America, or detect and expose from his mentioning a mad-man, as a man *improved** by the devil.

Another difficulty with our literary men is that when they meet mixed company they too often talk upon topicks merely scientific, and that interest exclusively themselves. Their conversation may be Greek to the rest of the company, but it is not the Greek of Athens. It is incompatible with the polished refinement that characterised Attic manners, and is at war with the rules of even modern good breeding.

The Wanderer is constrained to acknowledge, in all his rambles, "An Athenian finds he none." In our capital towns the character of the citizens is extremely degraded. They have the effeminacy of the Athenians without their refinement, the wealth without their munificence, the luxury without their love of letters, the ignorance in the science of war without their improvement in the arts of peace.

For the Emerald.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

The performance of Macbeth on Wednesday evening, had excited but little expectation, if we may be allowed to judge from the thin appearance of the house. We deem this an extremely fortunate occurrence, both for the managers and the public. Since the performers had an opportunity to disappoint only a small part of those who, if anticipation had been on tip-toe, would have witnessed the representation. The supernumeraries of this evening, exposed either the peculiar taste, or selfish generosity of

* In some states they use *improve* for *possess*.

the conductors of the stage. Such an assemblage of incongruous and grotesque appearances! Here a little fellow, with arms and legs and head continually vibrating like pendulums; there a tall fellow, with arms akimbo, or else "*immeasurably spread, seem'd length'ning*" as he spoke. One "*lilly-liver'd loon*" showed his "baby-face" and disappeared; "another and another then succeeds," and the line for ought we can tell, "*will stretch out to the crack of doom.*" In short, excepting a few performers of "*noble presence and of high bred hope*," a review of the Boston company, as it appears on the stage at the present time, would offer to the gaze of the observing, such a groupe of laughable taterdemalians, that the Roman people under the dominion of the Tribunes, could scarcely match it.

But having mentioned the lower grades of theatrical economy, we will ascend a step to come to the *Duncan* of the evening. This part was hit off to perfection, where the managers got him we know not; *we never saw him before.* The jewel is found on a dunghill, let us not therefore despise it. Such gestures! such grace! such affecting bursts of sentiment! But we forbear. Posterity would not believe, if we recorded it, that *such* a king of Scotland, "*this* Duncan" who "had been so clear in his great office," should suffer the want of a recorder "trumpet-tongued" to tell "the deep-damnation of his *taking-off.*" Let *us* have the felicity to bring this flower "*blushing unseen*" into the rays of public sunshine.—Do not believe it therefore, when you hear him censured by every body: "envy will merit as its shade pursue." "Some years ago, how many I don't say," when a *Malcolm* was lamenting the *murder of his father*, a most unworthy Duncan, a gentleman cried out from the boxes "*well you young dog, and your father has murdered the play*, and so the odds are even." We don't believe a word of it, as applied to this gentleman, Mr. ——, "*hauld, I will not tell his neame;*" farther excellence will authorize exposure.

Malcolm by Mr. Poe, "would roar you like any sucking dove, he would roar you like a nightingale."

But, what shall be said of the personation of *Macduff*, the patriotic, the brave and loyal?

"With legs and arms and fists this man so stout
So well his evolutions did perform!
His groans those Thespian small shot flew about, [storm."
It seem'd as if he took *Macbeth* by

A description of his manner of receiving the account of the slaughter of his wife and children, as it will evince a fair example of his performance, will be better than any thing "criticism could say in a thousand words."

When *Rosse* tells him this distressing fact, Mr. Caulfield, (we beg his pardon for naming him at all, but we could not get on without it) gave a great strut across the stage, his face covered with his cloak; this was followed by a groan, which gave some hopes that the words of the author would soon follow. No such thing! for utterly disdaining to be trammelled by any rules of diction, or efforts of recollection, Mr. C. without saying a word more than "hell-kite," and "*give me, oh heaven, to meet this fiend* of Scotland," "heavens, oh! oh!" made his exit in great huff, not so much as deigning to listen to his leige sovereign, who had began to speak, and without considering at all how great a breach of politeness it was, especially, when it is remembered that though Mr. C. could get off without a hiss, that poor Mr. Poe is not so conversant with *vamping*, not so

able to make up in temerity, what he wants in merit.

Mr. Usher has the merit of improving the expression of his part; though it wanted force. To see him and Fennel together reminded us of the fable, where the ox and the frog! But comparisons are odious. Mr. Usher's puny dimension, however, unfits him for such a character as Banquo, for though he *may swell and swell and swell*, yet the edge of Fennel's shoulder, is the "*ne plus ultra*," of his attainment.

Mr. Fennel, *though last not least*, performed Macbeth badly in the first and last; tolerably in the second, and well in the third and fourth acts. Since last year he has altered in this representation much for the worse; "it communicated no vibration to the heart" The soliloquy about Banquo, was well delivered, and his management of the banquet scene deserves credit. We have no room for minuteness of remark, else we presume we could point out some obvious alterations, which on being suggested would undoubtedly be adopted.

The general fault of Mrs. Powell's personation of Lady Macbeth, was a want of apprehension of the sense of her author. This though her very common, is we fear an irremediable fault. An ability to walk the stage with confidence and to utter "*words, words, words*," in no harsh or grating tone, will undoubtedly *assist* any actress; but we see no reason why these qualities should *support* her. Hear how Mrs. Powell uttered this line and gained applause. After besmearing the faces of the grooms with blood, she returns and remarks:

"My *hands* are of *your colour*, but I shame
To wear a *heart* so white."

Need it be observed that this manner of emphasis would lead to the conclusion, that both hands and heart were *white*. But if the stress be laid upon *white*, the sense alters into propriety. This instance is produced to show that, error under the appearance of sweetness and modesty, and disguised by a syren's voice, may produce a factitious reputation; but that such reputation must sink, when the town grows fastidious.

The manner in which the scene is now conducted, a rigid observer would censure as devoid of natural representation and defective in dispatch; but we are willing to allow that this circumstance is quite correspondent to the rest of the representation; it is very much of a piece; and though it may be destitute of true merit, it has the merit of congruity.

Quid deceat quid non.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

I do not know a more eloquent passage in all Burke than the following from his letters on a regicide peace.

"To those who do not love to contemplate the fall of human greatness, I do not know a more mortifying spectacle, than *to see the assembled majesty of the crowned heads of Europe waiting as patient suitors in the antichamber of regicide*. They wait, it seems, until the sanguinary tyrant *Carnot* shall have snorted away the fumes of the indigested blood of his sovereign. Then, when sunk on *the down of usurped pomp*, he shall have sufficiently indulged his meditations with what monarch he shall next glut his ravening maw,

he may condescend to signify that it is his pleasure to be awake; and that he is at leisure to receive the proposals of his high and mighty clients for the terms on which he may respite the execution of the sentence he has passed upon them. At the opening of those doors, what a sight it must be to behold the *plenipotentiaries* of *royal impotence* in the *precedency* which they will intrigue to obtain, and which will be granted to them according to the *seniority* of their degradation, sneaking into the regicide presence and with the relics of the smile which they had dressed up for the levee of their masters, still flickering on their curled lips, presenting the *faded* remains of their courtly graces, to meet the scornful, ferocious, sardonic grin of a bloody ruffian, who whilst he is receiving their homage, is measuring them with his eye, and fitting to their size the slider of his guillotine!" In the first period the gradual swell into grandeur of the phrase, "*the assembled majesty of the crowned heads of Europe*" and their deep humiliation, waiting as attendants upon the slayer of those heads, is most solemnly impressive and admirably bold. As to the last sentence, it is difficult to conceive how so many circumstances can be brought together in any one period in language with happier arrangement. The *plenipotentiaries* of *royal impotence*, a happy and striking antithesis, *intriguing* to *obtain a precedency*, which depends in truth on "*seniority of degradation*, *sneaking* into the *regicide* presence, and"—but to point out all the beauties of this inimitable passage would be only to repeat word for word of the sentence. It closes, however, in all the fulness of rhetorical glory, in the savageness of the wretch, who, while receiving homage, can measure for murder.

Cawthorne has certainly not fame in proportion to his poetic merits. In this country he meets little notice and is scarcely known. To talk humbly and in plain prose, he does not receive the meed of fame, which is the fair hire of his successful labours. The subsequent lines are from his "Life unhappy, because we use it improperly."

A coxcomb once in Handel's parlour found
A Grecian lyre, and tried to make it sound;
O'er the fine stops his awkward fist he flings,
And rudely presses on th' elastic strings:
Awaken'd discord shrieks, and scolds and raves,
Wild as the dissonance of winds and waves,
Loud as a Wapping mob at midnight bawls,
Harsh as ten chariots rolling round St. Paul's,
And hoarser far than all th'ecstatic race
Whose drunken orgies stunn'd the wilds of Thrace.
Friend, quoth the sage, that fine machine contains
Exacter numbers, and diviner strains,
Strains such as once could build the Theban wall
Or stop the mountain torrent in its fall:
But yet, to wake them, rouse them, and inspire,
Asks a fine finger, and a touch of fire,
A feeling soul whose all-expressive pow'rs
Can copy nature as she sinks or soars;
And, just alike to passion, time, and place,
Refine correctness into ease and grace.
He said---and, lying o'er each quiv'ring wire,
Spread his light hand, and swept it on the lyre.
Quick to his touch the lyre began to glow,
The sound to kindle, and the air to flow,
Deep as the murmurs of the falling floods,
Sweet as the warble of the vocal woods:
The list'ning passions hear, and sink and rise,
As the rich harmony or swells or dies;
The pulse of avarice forgets to move,

A purer rapture fills the breast of love ;
Devotion lifts to heav'n an holier eye,
And bleeding pity heaves a softer sigh.

Life has its ease, amusement, joy, and fire,
Hid in itself, as music in the lyre ;
And like the lyre will all its pow'rs impart,
When touch'd and manag'd by the hand of art ;
But half mankind, like Handel's fool, destroy,
Through rage and ignorance, the strain of joy,
Irregularly will their passions roll
Through nature's finest instrument, the soul :
While men of sense, with Handel's happier skill,
Correct the taste, and harmonize the will,
Teach their affections like his notes to flow,
Not rais'd too high, nor ever sunk too low ;
Till every virtue, measur'd and refin'd,
As fits the concert of the master-mind,
Melts in its kindred sounds, and pours along
Th' according music of the moral song.

The subsequent sketch of the eloquence of Chatham, is from the Character of Edmund Burke, and is there introduced as an illustrative digression, by that veteran scholar Dr. Parr. It is as perfect a portrait of the Orator, as has ever been given. We see him move and hear him speak. We behold his eye flash, and *all his visage warm*.

Many men of more talent than erudition have fancied that they could speak better than they can write ; and flattered themselves with a reputation for eloquence which never stood the test of severe and critical examination. Many a speech has been received with infinite applause in the delivery, which, when handed about in the prints, has appeared poor, languid, and lifeless. Lord Chatham was a great man, a most animated and terrific orator, and eminently endued with the first qualifications of a great statesman ; yet as a speaker, his fame doubtless from the witchery of his manner, was greater than his power. Like Cromwell, he had that perspicuity of eye, which pried into the inmost recesses of the soul, and detected all the thoughts and impressions, and hopes and fears, of his auditors. He had that, too, which Cromwell had not ; for Cromwell we are told was slow in the conception of his ideas while he spoke, and diffuse and perplexed in the delivery. But in Chatham, when he rose to speak, there was a fervor and vehemence of imagination, a headlong torrent of words, and a power of sound, which deafened and stunned, and confounded his opponents. In the man himself, I well remember, there was a native dignity of form, which commanded reverence and faith ; and, by filling his hearers with a holy awe, predisposed them to his purpose. With powers little calculated to instruct or delight, there was a vehemence of contention, an awakening energy of manner, an impassioned ardour, a confident and boastful exultation, which victory only rendered more ferocious and ungovernable. He often rose to dignity in the donation of invective, still oftener blazed to fierceness in the fulmination of invectives, and sometimes, in the violence of altercation, stung with a poignancy of wit peculiarly his own. But take away these showing appendages of eloquence, which are included almost in the very name of Chatham ; take away that, which in the judgment of Demosthenes was the first, the second, the third qualification of an orator ; and which, in Chatham, were displayed as they prevailed in so astonishing a measure, and with such felicity of success ; take away the imposing dignity of his presence, the strength and grandeur of his voice, the elab-

orate vehemence of his gesticulation, worked up, often to extravagance, and better adapted to the Drama than the Senate; take these away, and in those very speeches which were extolled by his auditors as transcending far all praise, you will find nothing, scarcely, which so forcibly strikes, or sweetly soothes the ear; nothing which by its strength or clearness captivates the judgment; nothing which the intelligent reader in a cool and deliberate hour will approve; or having once read, will eagerly demand again.

Cumberland in his "Calvary" has a bold figure in his apostrophe to the infidel, which he weakens by extending. Had it closed where we close the selection, it would have been improved. The curious reader is referred to the book to judge our correctness.

"*In the ear*
"*Of Death* whisper thy doubts, and learn of *him*
"Thy folly's confutation and thy doom!"

The subsequent examples occur in "Old Nick," and as *the devil* would have it, may *fairly* be considered instances of plagiarism.

"Pope probably borrowed this simile,

"Envy will merit as its shade pursue."

from Cicero's

"Virtutem tanquam umbra sequitur. (Gloria)
Glory will virtue as its shade pursue."

"Addison in the Spectator praises Father Bouhours; therefore having read him, it is probable he borrowed the idea of

"'Tis not in mortals to command success:
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.—

Cato, from a French poet quoted by the father:

"Si je n' ay pas une couronne
C'est la Fortune qui la donne;
Il suffit de la meriter.

In English:—If I do not possess a crown, it is the fault of fortune. It is enough for me that I have deserved it."

"*Quere.* Whether Domitian, the emperor, amused himself in killing *flies* or *fleas?* Suetonius, it is true, says "*muscas*," *flies:* but Watts, in his fifth edition of Philosophical Essays on various subjects, tells us, at p. 306, they were *fleas.* I hope, for the emperor's sake, they were so."

"Wit makes the man;
The rest is nought but leather and prunella." POPE.

Corculum est quod homines facit, cætera quisquilia omnia.
PETRONIUS, p. 392.

This cannot be translated better than by Pope's words."

"Our errand-boy is always blundering. I suppose he is called *errand* from *errare, to err.*"

"On La Pucelle de M. Chapelain was written this epigram:

"Quæ dempsere tibi somnum vigilata tot annos
"Carmina, nunc nobis hunc, Capelane, cient.

"Pope had these two lines in his mind when he wrote,

"Sleepless themselves, to make their readers sleep."

"I seldom hear," says Cumberland, in his supplement to his memoirs, which form the first English Biography extant, "the present æra spoken of as I think it ought to be, for sure I am that it has been brilliantly distinguished for a variety of characters great in science, arts and arms. Should I venture to pronounce upon it as the most luminous in the annals of our country, I am not sure that any man would

be able to confute the assertion, but I will throw down no such guantlet to the champions of past times; yet although instances may not occur of individual pre-eminence so striking as some, which record could supply, still the general diffusion of talents is so very much increased, that it operates as a leveller, which nothing less than first-rate genius can surmount.

I have lived to see Pitt, Nelson and Cornwallis struck out of the number of the living, yet neither eloquence, valour or integrity are buried in their ashes.

Cicero published studied orations; Pitt uttered unpremeditated speeches; yet who is prepared to say that the eloquence of the English Senator was inferior to the eloquence of the Roman pleader? Cicero wrote innumerable epistles, crammed with praises of himself; I believe there is no Atticus in existence, who can produce such specmens of the vanity of the modern. Cicero humbled himself to Lucceius, and made abject suit even to his partiality, imploring him to write a panegyric on his consulship; Pitt has never been accused of paying court to any man as the historian of his administration, but on the contrary carried himself too loftily towards men of talents, for any such to be in much good huhour with him. Cicero had many objects, that attracted his ambition, his mind was stored with various kinds of knowledge, and ardently attached to various studies and pursuits; one passion only, untainted by self-interest, unseduced by pleasure, took early possession of Pitt's whole heart, and only left it in the moment when it ceased to beat. If I were now living in times as tumultuous as those, when the partizans of Antony stuck up the head of Cicero in the forum, I might be afraid to venture an opinion as to what I take that ruling passion to have been; but under correction of those, who from their knowledge of Mr Pitt are better able to judge of his motives and impressions, I conceive that a true and zealous love for his country accompanied him through life to death, and was paramount to every other object in his thoughts.

I am giving my conception of his feelings as a man; of his character as a statesman, I do not presume to speak. Those respectable persons, who regularly opposed his public measures as Minister, could not well give countenance to the honours, that were decreed to him at his public funeral; but when some, who had efficiently coincided with them in the policy of those measures, coincided also in the condemnation of them, it must have been a strong case either of conscience, or of party spirit, which compelled them, by arraigning him to criminate themselves. This is rather an awkward alternative for them, as I am afraid the world is not always disposed to put the best interpretation on a doubtful case.

Doctor Bentley, says Cumberland would readily have listened, but did not always recollect that he was discussing subjects and discoursing in a language, that his company did not understand and probably could not speak: he accordingly took their task on himself, and kindly posted his own answer to the account of those, who had no answer to give.

Lord Mansfield (from whom I have digressed) would lend his ear most condescendingly to his company, and cheer the least attempt at humour with the prompt payment of a species of laugh, which cost the muscles no exertion, but was mere

ly a subscription, that he readily threw in towards the general hilarity of the table. He would take his share in the small talk of the ladies with all imaginable affability: he was in fact, like most men, not in the least degree displeased at being incensed by their flattery. He was no great starter of new topics, but easily led into anecdotes of past times; these he detailed with pleasure, but he told them correctly rather than amusingly. I am inclined to think he did not covet that kind of conversation, which gave him any pains to carry on: his professional labours were great, and it was natural that he should resort to society more for relaxation and rest of mind than for any thing that could put him upon fresh exertions. Even dulness, so long as it was accompanied with placidity, was no absolute disrecommendation of the companion of his private hours; it was a kind of cushion to his understanding.

I agree with the general remark, that he had the art of modelling his voice to the room or space in which he was; but I am not one of those, who admired its tone; it was of a pitch too sharp to please my ear, and seemed more tuned to argumentation than urbanity. His attentions, whenever he was pleased to bestow them, were not set off with any noble air, and I would rather call them civil than polite; for the stamp of his profession was upon him, and his deportment wanted gracefulness and ease. Pope, above all the sons of song, was his Apollo; but I suspect he had no real attachment to the Muses, and was merely civil to them in return for the compliments they had paid to him. I remember when the attack was made upon him for his conduct and opinions in the Douglas cause; I was well acquainted with Mr. Andrew Stuart, he was an acute and able man, and I had the opportunity of knowing how glad we would have been to have drawn Lord Mansfield into the fair field of controversy; but I am persuaded there was more sound wisdom in his Lordship's silence, than there could have been sound reasoning in his answer, had his spirit led him to accept the challenge.

I have mentioned his last interview with Lord Sackville in the former part of these Memoirs. It was the only opportunity I had of knowing something of the movements of his heart: I caught a glimpse, as it were through a crevice, but it soon shut up, and the exterior remained, as before, *totus teres atque rotundus*.

SONNET.

By Ann Seward.

Short is the time the oldest being lives,
Nor has longevity one *hour* to waste;
Life's duties are proportion'd to the haste
With which it fleets away;—each day receives
Its task, that if neglected, surely gives
The morrow *double* toil.—Ye, who have pass'd
In idle sport the days that fled so fast,
Days, that nor Grief recalls, nor care retrieves,
At length be wise, and think, that of the part
Remaining in that vital period given,
How short the date, and at the prospect start,
Ere to the extremest verge your steps be driv'n!
Nor let a moment unimprov'd depart,
But view it as the *latest* trust of Heaven!

BAD CHARACTERS.

Learned without good works, old without honour, young without obedience, rich without charity; a bishop without care, a king without Lounty, a poor man without humility, a knight without truth, a knave without remorse, and a people without laws.

But Madame De Sevigne is also uneasy about the consequences of my system, says Ninon De L'Enclos, which apprehension, from the high opinion I have of her understanding, I am surprised at. By disarming Cupid of his arrows; by considering love as an effect of constitution, vanity, or caprice; by distinguishing the humble passion itself from the metaphysical dignity of it; have I not rendered it infinitely less dangerous to mankind than it would be, if, according to her system, we should constellate it among the virtues?

Let us, for a while, then, discuss the point of gallantry, with that method and philosophy, which might become the most serious topic.

Is not love a passion? Do not your severe moralists affirm, that passions and vices are synonymous? Is vice ever more seducing than when it assumes the character of virtue? It ought never, therefore, be suffered to appear, but under such disadvantages as might alarm the chaste mind. This, however, was not the design of the Platonists, when they so profanely deified it. And, in all ages, have they not endeavoured to authorize the passions by involving them in the pagan hierarchy? Behold! I step forth a reformer. I decry the popular superstition. I break the vain idol; but confess my rashness at the same time, and must expect a female persecution for attacking thus their favourite worship.

I own, I am much concerned on this account myself. Those were rare times, truly, when women might acknowledge their fond impressions without a blush; nay, even boast their passion, and shield their weakness under the strength of the deity. But, why must pure humanity be superceded? Why disclaim its power, and search in heaven for the causes of our foibles? Let us abide on earth: we shall find their dominion entirely below.

In reality, I have not, in any of my letters, expressly declaimed against love, nor advised you to leave it out of your scheme of life. I know too well the futility of such counsels. But I have let you into the true secret of the matter; by which I have lessened the illusion it might otherwise have led you into. I have, at least, diminished its influence over you, and every day's experience will support my doctrines.

A lady being ill, though apparently not dangerously so, had four physicians to attend her. The lady died.

Can you imagine, Joe,
So slight a fever, a mere melancholy,
In five short days could to the shades below
Send the fair Amaranthe, in all her folly?
Tut, man, I'm sure that on a mind
Like yours, acute, refined,
A single doubt cannot remain, [vain
That she of health, 'till then so just,
Could ne'er accuse the FATES their decisions,
Did you but know, that she, intent,
As one might think, to quit us, rashly sent
For *four Physicians!*

A general, being on his travels, found himself indisposed, and was obliged to stop at a little village to be bled. The barber of the village was called in to officiate; but his appearance not being very much in his favour, the general drew back his arm just as the lancet was on the point of entering. "Ah! what you are afraid of the blood!" said the barber. "No," returned the general, "it is the *bladder*, not the blood, I am afraid of."

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

Few attempts at burlesque equal the following mock-lyric. *The pomp of odes is well ridiculed and their grandeur in some lines surpassed. The broadgrin at wit gives place in the 8th verse to the smile of taste, while the allusion to Endymion in the ninth is purely classical and will be felt in full force by the lovers of ancient lore. The art of sinking is made tributary to humour, and the bard discovers* felicity *in bathos. The whole shows the writer to be adequate to the beauty and neatness of which he is thus apt in the satire. While we regeet the early death of Mr. S. that has perhaps deprived us of* strains in good earnest, *which might have given his name a local habitation in the pantheon of poets, we attempt not to scan*

" The secrets of the skies."

ODE,

BY THE LATE MR. DAVID SAMWELL,

Written on a Cruize, in about 63 *Degrees North Latitude, December,* 1794.

As Norway's bleak and rugged shore,
In concert with old Ocean's roar,
I strive to wake the lyre ;
Altho' these dark, inclement skies,
Forbid the frozen Bard to rise
And catch celestial fire.

Thou gloomy Genius of the North,
Let all thy shaggy bears come forth,
From out their drear abode ;
And let thy wolves, at midnight's noon,
Forbear to howl yon rising moon,
But listen to my Ode.

Around the *Scald*, who rudely sings,
The half-year's night her mantle flings,
And wraps him in the dark.
The Sun is gone his southern route,
Our Purser's candles are burnt out,
Extinguish'd to a spark.

While thus forsaken by the Sun,
We cruise for Frenchmen, or for fun,
And dance the hays together ;
The sport of waters and the wind,
No Sansculottes or fun we find,
But winter and rough weather.

The hags, in Lapland caves who dwell,
And boast, propitious gales to sell
To sailors for their riches,
Send us a wind for England fit,
We'll give you drafts on Billy Pitt,
Ye sacrilegious b——s.

We'll give, besides, the murd'rer's fat,
And finger of birth-strangled brat,
Untimely doom'd to die.
But if with more regard we view
The liver of blaspheming Jew,
Duke's-Place shall that supply.

O grant us, then, to leave this coast,
Where we have long been tempest-tost,
Depriv'd of cheerful day !
The gallant sailor's sspirits flag,
And not a foul, infernal hag,
Will speed him on his way.

Then hail, New Moon ! the poet's friend,
Our wearied hopes must all depend
On thy renascent light.
O calm the ocean and the air,
Convert this adverse wind to fair,
And gild our Polar night.

So may Endymion faithful prove,
On Latmos, and return thy love,
Soft regent of the main.
And long unrival'd may'st thou keep
The sovereign empire of the deep,
And ev'ry poet's brain.

For me, of Cambrian lineage sprung,
Soon as I saw thy bow new strung,
I blest the light divine ;
And the first off'ring that I bear,
Confesses thy maternal care—
This Moon-struck Ode of mine.

And lo ! obedient to thy will,
Fair winds our swelling canvas fill !
Of which the sailor brags,
Divining, as he quaffs his grog,
These breezes, unprophetic dog !
Were sent by Lapland hags.

But thy auspicious aid alone,
Chaste Dian, shall thy vot'ry own,
Who, like a seer, espies
(While seamen's vision, overcast,
Can soar no higher than the mast)
The secrets of the skies.

EPIGRAM

Upon a person of remarkable taciturnity.

Exceptions lie to every rule ;
But here conflicting doubts arise ;
If thou art wise, thou'rt much a fool ;
But if a fool, thou'rt wondrous wise.

Some annonymous Bard has apostrophised, Montgomery in stanzas of no common merit. We hope "the winter in his soul," the patronage produced by his poems, lately published, will at length "shine away" and that already "has the Snow Drop blossomed there."

TO MR. JAMES MONTGOMERY,

On his Poems, lately published.

Is there a 'winter in thy soul,'
That Genius cannot shine away?
Does dark Despair that heart control,
Which pants for Glory's radiant day?

Have past afflictions left the trace
Of Sorrow, graved in lines so deep,
That Memory, hopeless to efface
The piteous forms, looks on to weep?

Then think that o'er thy glowing page,
Where Fancy's hues with feeling blend,
Enthusiast Youth, and temperate Age
In sympathetic rapture bend.

Think that the musick of thy strains
Attuned to Freedom's manly lyre,
Runs kindling thro' the patriot's veins
And lights his glimmering eyes with fire.

Think, on some day of wild alarm,
When Albion's cliffs descry the foe,
Thy voice may nerve the youthful arm
That lays the fierce invader low.

And see thy country freed, at length,
From zealous fears that haunt the slave,
And taught to call forth *all* her strength,
The hands and hearts of *all* the brave.

No more the freeborn spirit binds,
But, inly touched, delights to see
Her cause the cause of noblest minds,
Her friends the friends of Liberty.

The Sacred Poems of Rev. GEORGE HERBERT have merit, though at the present day they appear to have gathered rust from age. The last verse is marked by very strong hyperbole.

GIDDINESS.

Oh what a thing is man; how far from power,
From settled peace and rest!
He is some twenty sev'ral men at last
Each sev'ral hour.

One while he counts of heav'n, as o treasure:
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear o sin,
Will lose a pleasure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the wars
Now eat his bread in peace,
And snudge in quiet; now he scorn increase;
Now all day spares

He builds a house, which quickly dow must go,
As if a whirlwind blew
And crush'd the building; and it partly true,
His mind is so.

O what a sight were man, if his attire Did alter with his mind!
And like a dolphin's skin, his clothe combin'd
With his desires!

Surely, if each one saw another's heart There would be no commerce,
No sale or bargain pass: all would di perse,
And live apart.
Lord, mend, or rather make us; on creation
Will not suffice our turn:
Except thou make us daily, we shal spurn
Our own salvation.

For the Emerald.

LINES.

On hearing a Lady, a short time sinc at G———r, playing on a Piano accom panied by her voice.

Such sounds flow'd from Appollo lyre,
While teaching Shepherds in the wood
Sounds; that might e'en a God inspi
Entice a Venus from the flood.

And could that cruel heart of thine,
Which braves each dart that Cup sends,
Be soften'd by the sacred nine
Who knows what fortune thee attends

LORENZO.

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